A NEVV BOOKE
Intituled

The blasinge of Bawdzie,

Dayly procured by Beldame B.
Principall Broker of all iniquitie.

Geuen for a Newyeares Gyfte,
aswell to all suche: in whose charge,
the due punishment ther of is cō-
mitted: As also to all other
that may reap cōmodytie
by lothyng their practises,
either by readyng,
or hearyng of the
same. (:)

(57)
Bb-12-57

By R. C. Citizen. 1574.

¶ To all preuie Bawdes.

YE deuylysh Drabs, that set your intent,
youth to beguyle, with your yll coūsell
Amende betyme, least that ye be shent,
And for your labours go to the Deuyl of hell
Looke on this bwk, which doth yourfaults tel,
All your bawdy reuell, & your yll company.
Nought at al can you saue, whan ye shal die,

234;99

¶ A dialogue betweene the Printer and the Authour.

The Printer.

BRother I meruayle how that ye,
durst against Bawds make relation:
Seing ye haue none auctorytie,
them to rebuke with reprobation.

The Authour

¶ Euery man by charytie is bound
with words at least these Queanes to reproue
For surely it doth so much abound:
That it displeaseth the Deitie aboue.

The Printer.

¶ That is trueth, but yet take héede,
trueth is not alway to be sayd:
For though that ye know such folks indéede,
yet sclaunder to you shall be layd.

The Authour.

¶ The more pity, for I name no body
I do it only for to admonish
Offycers, and such as haue custody,
Ouer all such folk to punnish.

The Printer.

¶ As for that say what ye will,
ye shall rather hatred attayne:
Spight of your hart they wil bide styll,
and you smal thank for all your payne.

The Authour.

¶ Foule of you ſaid, euer ſpeke the beſt,
Offycers that therto be committed:
As the Bedelles and Wardmot queſt,
wyll in no maner take bribes for it.

The Printer.

¶ I think the ſame, but I do maruell,
to my reaſon they cannot be ſparde:
But euer within the Fraunchiſe they dwell
and be but voyded from warde to warde.

The Authour.

¶ God helpe it is the more pitye,
that ſuche folke be vncorrect:
But yet I haue ſeene ſuch within this cittie
openly puniſhed, and then abiect.

The Printer.

¶ Ye but not all the whole ſect,
there be other that be much wurs:
But yf they be any time detect:
they be puniſhed by the Purs.

The Authour.

¶ In hope to amend they haue that ſuffrance
but I can perceaue there amends but few
And vnder colour is their continuance,
wold God I could their demeanours ſhew.

The Printer,

That hope and fauour (me think) is nought
they ſhould if I might, no time borow:
But with ſhame be openly forth brought
and for euer to be anoyde with ſorow.

¶ I haue

The Auctour.

I haue much wonder how they can finde,
prouision styll for to abide,
And how they can get any frend,
their naughty doing so for to hide.

The Printer.

They make good meates and geue gifts,
haunte with the best where they dwell,
From time to time, make large shifts,
cherish Officers and reward them well.

The Authour.

By that saying they haue bolsterers
to beare them out in their naughtynesse
I beleue well, for where be receyuers:
Theues may the better do their busynesse.

The Printer.

Alas (alas) the abhomination,
stinketh afore the face of God:
Doubtlesse in many straunge fashion,
he beateth with his violent rod.

The Authour

No marueil it is, we be so vnkinde,
lyke brute beastes, disordinate:
As mad people, cleane out of minde,
and that causeth God vs for to castygate.

The Printer.

Doth not the Mother leade the doughter,
and be her Bawde to shamfully:
The Brother also to his Sister.
and Sister to Sister, this is seene dayly.

The Auctour.

¶ Yea, the husband to his owne wyfe,
and caryeth her from place to place:
The Father to his child vseth this lyfe,
alas here is defaut of grace.

The Printer,

¶ In heads of Paryshes is great blame,
to suffre them in their company:
But they care not of their name nor fame,
Nor whence they come, make no inquiry.

The Authour.

¶ So they be gay what shall it nede?
boastyng and faceing late and early:
They be taken honest in word and dede,
so they spend out with them largely.

The Printer.

¶ But yf a poore man lack of his duty,
to the Church, house rent: or expence:
Liue he neuer among them so honestly,
Yet will they be glad to haue them thence

The Authour.

¶ Yea, and be arrested or syted to the law
outlawed, cursed or suspended
Disdayned, punished and kept in awe
and the other by them euer defended.

The Printer.

¶ Thus money maketh the difference,
the good to be nought, & nought to be good,
And in them both, is lyke reuerence:
in money it lyeth, by all likelyhod.

¶ The

The Authour.

¶ Then I sée well there is small charity,
and lesse wisdome in their circumspect:
It hurteth their Neighbourall honesty,
I can no more, but God it direct.

¶ Amen, God graunt it, for Christes sake,
to open the eyes of them in Auctority
To finde out these filthes: and such order take
vtterly to wæde out the sæde of iniquitye.

*FINIS.

¶ The Authour to his Booke.

GO lytle booke vnto my maisters al
Which haue ẏ rule of town or citie
Desire ẏ wardmote questes in special
And eke the Constables to ouer see:
These bawdi hostries ful of iniquity
For better were it to haue a bordell
Cõmon, in ẏ cheke place of the citie
Than vnder their noses so manifest (to dwell.
And say ẏ ẏ doest wonder inwardly,
that honest mẽ cã suffer their presẽce
Or wt their wyues to haunt cõpany
And amõg neibors to kepe residence
Seing by thẽ such inconuenience
For though ẏ neighbours dare not,
Reproue such queanes openly:
Yet deeme they such of yll reports,
As dayly kepe their company.

¶ FINIS.

¶ The

¶ The discouery or blasing of the *common practises of beastly* Bawdes.

O Wretched world waltring in wickednes
Geuen all to mischiefe and vnhappines:
Vicious of liuing, barren of goodnes,
with all vicyousnesse sore infect:
But one thing there is in speciall,
Which greueth moe ouer all:
That bawdry is so vniuersall:
and so many there be of that sect.

☞ Now a dayes, what is the cause & why?
Men haue their wiues in such ielousy:
It is none other saue onely bawdry:
through ẏ which vicyous suffraunce
Many yonge women as dayly we see:
Breake Matrymony and also Virginitie,
And all this commeth througe mother B.
called a Bawde of the deuyls alyaunce.

¶ Through whose vngracious counsell,
Much worse then the Deuill of Hell
Who so their tale to them doth tell:
that many then make to them consent
Both wyues and Maydens that I dare say,
Wolde neuer haue folowed that play:
But kept them selfe honest & chast alway:
were not such Bawdes them sor to tempt.

¶ For he that is disposed vicyously,
Huntyng his appetyte to satisfie
In such a place where that conuenyently:
Him selfe may not complayne.
Then shall he a bawdy harlot get,
And promise her a Skarfe of Sarcenet
A Veluet Hat, or a Kyrtell of worsted
His purpose to obtayne.

¶ Then goeth she about full busyly
And bandeleth her matter full crafteily
Fulfilled all with deuylyshe polycy:
Of nothing standeth she in doubt,
But tell her tale with spirit bolde,
Lyke as a bawdy queane should
That neuer was good yong nor olde
To brynge her purpose about.

¶ Then wyll she say to this woman quickly,
Alas good Mistresse, it is great pitie:
I heare say ye liue not merely,
Your Husband to you is vnkynd,
But if you wyll do after mee:
I warrant you and your honesty:
Ye shall neuer destayned be
And also haue a dayly friend.

¶ Also your Husband is often absent
Wherwith youth is not content.
And maketh the Woman often to repent,
As many haue done ere this:

Therfore

Therfore youth desireth the company
Of them that be yong fresh and lusty:
To passe away the time pleasantly:
Therfore take ye time, whan it is.

¶ And one thyng I put you in assurance,
There is a Gentleman of mine acquaintance
whiche in you hath put his affiance,
And loueth you with all his hart:
Wherfore I beseeche you hartely,
Come one day and kepe hym company,
And we wyll haue a chamber secretly,
And at your pleasure to departe.

¶ And whan she hath shewed her entent,
And seth she wyll not to her consent:
Then sayeth she to her incontinent;
I wolde for no worldly treasure:
Do or say that thing that should sownd
To your dishonesty for a thousand pownd
And yet more ouer I dare be bownd:
It shall neuer be to your displeasure.

Yet some yong woman wil al Bawds defye,
And saith she loueth not the company
Of those Harlots that vse such bawdry
for many good women they spill:
O good Mistris, a Bawde not so,
Saith this Bawde againe her vnto:
It is one honest woman for another to do:
In such case their pleasure to fulfyl:

¶ For

¶ For I know well, the course must be had
Of this world: both with good and bad,
And specially, with suche as be lad
In the Chaine of their flowyshyng youth:
Wherfore, good Maistresse, haue no drede,
For ye shall haue me as sure in dede,
As a trustie friende at euery nede,
I promys you for a trueth.

¶ Wyll ye not see this harlot bawdy?
How she calleth all this honestie:
To entice a woman to lyue viciously,
Is not this a pyteous case?
But if she should haue her true hire,
Brent should she bee in a hot fire,
To teache all other how they desire
An honest woman to a bawdy place.

¶ Thus wyl this strumpet, with faire words
This good yong woman, whiche is in drede,
For to consent to any luche dede,
Were it not for such Harlots inticement:
Wherby she is brought into this follie,
Regardyng nothyng her owne honestie,
But makes her a promys firme & faithfully,
To come to her at leasure conuenient.

Yet wyl not this Bawd leaue her babblyng
Tyll she haue got from her somthyng,
Either her Bracelets, or els a Kyng,
This wyll she of her be sure:

Then

Then she goeth thence, as mery as a Pye,
Home to her Hospytall of Bawdrie,
And sheweth the man all the matter plainly
How she hath brought her to lure.

But who be they that those Bawdes bée
Be they the pore olde women trow ye?)
Nay, nay: they be of a hier degrée,
They be of the gorgeous sort:
They bs those that can them selfe paynt,
No man by their cõuntinance can thẽ attaint,
For they loke as smoth as it were a Saint,
Sad both of countenance and of porte.

Yea (perhaps) she weare a Hood of Velvet,
A kyrtell of Grograyne, or fine Worsted,
Of Satten, Damask, or Chamlet,
Begarded & fringed, as a womã of substãce
That no man lyuyng, but he would trust,
His wyfe to go, where euer she lust,
With this Strumpet false and vntrusk,
In whome is no grace nor affiance.

Wherby oftentimes, men are begylde,
And their Wyues honestie cleane exylde,
And many yong Maydens be get with childe
through their subtyll vngracious counsell,
But I would euery man would consent,
That they might haue condigne punishment
For if their tongues were from their mouths
yet were they serued but to well. (rent

O ye Bawdes abhominable,
Shameles wretches most miserable:
Amend your liues vituperable:
But sure I think ye be past remedy,
Wherfore except ye do amend
I feare ye shall alow discend:
With the Deuyll of hell to make your end.
And there to raigne perpetually.

The Deuyll in you hath taken such place,
That ye be past all shame and grace:
So that ye may get money apace,
Or els some other rewarde:
Ye care not how many ye bring to nought
In euery corner, ye shall be sought,
For the Deuyl in you so depe hath wrought
That nothing God ye regarde.

O ye yong women in your youth lusty,
Which haue taken vpon you matrymony
Wherby ye be bound and that onely
Your husband all other aboue:
To loue and please in specyall
And not to be vniuersall,
Nor haue affeccyon to any at all,
But only him to loue.

Also beware ye yong Maydens, I say,
Ye may se how that euery day
Many take leaue and ren away
As great as they may wagge:

Wandring

Wandrynge abroade, al ouer the countrē,
Compelled to steale or run away
Or els to that, the best of thē,
To go with a Staffe and a Wagge.

¶ Wherfore, take hēde, ye do not incline
To any of these Bawdes, neither course nor fine
In any wise folowe not their lyne
But let them syt with yll rest,
Stop fast your eares, heare not their tale,
For if ye do: ye set on sale
Good name and honestie, for euer to fayle:
Wherfore, trust not to their false behest.

¶ Their wordes be hony, their counsell is gall,
A great stronge poyson infernall,
That poysoneth body, soule and all,
Suche is their operation:
For, that which the Deuyll with all his power
May not obtayne, (thoughe he contoure)
They wyll bryng it to passe within an houre,
With their swēte cōmunycation.

¶ O ye men, the whiche maintayne,
Suche bawdy queanes, thus for to raigne:
Yen said I: nay that I lye playne:
But vyle wretches abhominable:
Ye wyll not sticke to spende quickly
Twentie marke, to do your neighbour iniurie,
But for Gods sake, to spende an halfpeny,
ye thynke it is right chargeable.

¶ But what soeuer your Bawdes wyll craue,
Se nede but a ke, and she shall haue
Though other therfore, ye poll and shaue
(Me thinkes) this thing, full yll doth frame:
For body and goodes, ye consume in waste,
That the Deuyll, wyll haue ye all at the last,
Without ye take tyme, ere tyme be past,
For to repent, and amende for shame.

¶ And if ye must nedes satisfie,
The Deuyllysh appetite of your body
Take a wyfe of your owne in Matrymonie,
And none other man to beguyle.
But ye regarde not what wretched lyfe,
What shame and wo, what daply stryfe,
Ye make betwene the man and the wyfe,
so ye obtayne your purpose vyle.

¶ And ye that haue the Gift, to lyue chaste,
Loke ye spende not your goodes in waste,
Leaste God take vengeance of you in haste,
And withdrawe from you his grace:
Relieue the lame, and the blinde that ye see,
Bestow well your talent, after your degree,
So that your liuing may not, a stumblyng Block
To hinder other in this case. (bee

¶ But now for a conclusion finall
These Bawdes are the cause of mischiefes all,
That I pray God, soules might they fall,
Except they shortly amende:

For

For my minde is not able to expresse,
Halfe their mischiefe and vnhappinesse
That I beseeche God of his goodnesse,
All vertuous people from them defende.

¶ O ye women that vertuous be
Ladyes and Gentylwomen, of euery degree,
I pray you hartely to pardon me,
If I haue written, or said amisse,
But all my purpose is only
Your worshyp to saue and honestie,
Wherfore I promys you faithfully,
I haue not sayd, but as it is.

¶ And if I haue in any condicion
Spoken that, that displeaseth any good person,
I commyt me to their correction,
Beseechyng God of his infinite grace:
Wheras we haue lyued viciously,
We may amende through his great mercy,
And with him to reigne eternally,
In his celestiall place.

Finis.

An Exclamacion

of the Auctor, against the secrete Bawdes.

O Wicked traitors deceitful as deuils
And wurs thā deuils by very reason
The Deuyll can never vtter his euylles
In this case, but by your encheason:
Promooters of Hell at euery season,
Proctors of Pluto, Attorneis of Sathā,
Wdrawers frō god, the perfit soule of mā

Most shameful brokers & helpurueiours
Porters of mischiefe, drabbes damnable
Enquestours of deth, of sin Arbytrours,
Odyble cōnsellours, of God reprouable:
Marchants of misery most detestable
Sumners of sorow, Hostlers infernall:
The deuyl, deth & hel, to [illegible] are peregal.

¶ Unhappy earth, how canst ẏ sustayne,
These hell hounds fro thy profundytie?
How art ẏ norished wt the heuenly raine?

Suffryng

Suffryng on thee, their great enormitie
Why standeth ẏ Wals of Towne or citie?
Compassing thē: & doth not ouerthrow,
Why doth any Foode, for them breede or
(grow:
Margery Curson, ẏ chiefe of bawdes all
Which at stewsyde, lōg time kept residēce
A bawde indeed, by right mē did her cal
Yet by her cam not half thincōuenience
For al openly was done her insolence:
But of preui bawds, no persō cā bewar
O cursed spirits, too shameful is your
(snare
¶ O ribawd theues, how can ye procur
To haue thefauour of honest liuing me
How can your Ruffians life be sure?
To haunt the compani of honest wome
Your Aplesquiers, do daily trace & ren
Among fisgigs. and bawdy knaues,
Subiecting thē in maner as your slaue

Al maner states wīn your trap is taken
Your wrīchig gins, scātly can be wstan
No fysh, nor frogs, by you is forsaken.

Bot

Both one & other falleth into your hand
Gentlemã, seruing mã: wife & husband
Wydow, Maide, Batcheler & Prentice,
With bawdy councel, ye do to sin entice.

Ye maintaine by your rotten bawdry,
Vices of lechery and detestation,
Incest, rape, sacrilledge and aduoutery:
Theft, murder, swearing: & defloracion,
Drunkennesse, picking, and defamacion
Feightyng, brawling, hordome & shame,
All these ye Assistantes, to your bawdy
name.

FINIS.

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